



# MSS

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# M S S

VOL. IV

JANUARY, 1937

NO. 2

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# The Bad Boy

MARGARET KENDALL

Mr. Herbert Watts with his dog Antonio, called commonly Tony, walked into the park, Tony trotting leisurely at the end of his leash. He was a small dog of heterogeneous breed. One grandfather was known to be a full-blooded Irish terrier, but the rest of his grandparents were common dogs. Despite his questionable family tree, Antonio was a remarkable dog, according to the Watts's. Mrs. Watts had just finished a new red sweater for Tony, and the air being chilly on this particular day, he was wearing it for the first time.

Behind Tony walked Mr. Watts duck-fashion, that is—toes out and arches flat against the bottoms of his shoes. He liked the nip in the air, for it made him feel younger and he liked the park, for it had a "healthy" atmosphere. He often saw a friend. He knew many of the children who played in the park, too. Sometimes he gave them nickels. He didn't see any of them today. Once in a while (he never told Alberta this) he made the acquaintance of some beggarly looking fellow, perhaps a transient. One day he had even given one of these fellows five dollars—a very deserving and intelligent fellow, who had had bad luck.

Mr. Watts kept his quick blue eyes alert to see what he could see. He was feeling chipper, almost sentimental. With Tony's leash occupying one hand and a well turned-out cane swinging along in the other, he did not tip his bowler hat to the policeman by the fountain, but he spoke genially. Mr. Watts had always admired uniforms and manly figures.

On days when he felt a trifle bolder than usual, Mr. Watts always wore his favorite bow tie. It was a powder blue with white polka dots. His niece, an art teacher, had sent it to him the

Christmas past, and she had successfully matched his blue eyes. He was wearing the tie today.

Just then Tony ran forward jerking the leash almost out of Mr. Watts' hand and almost pulling Mr. Watts off his balance. He was anxious to run after a squirrel scurrying up the oak tree a few feet ahead of them.

"Tony," admonished Mr. Watts, "that squirrel isn't as big as you are, and you really shouldn't be unfair. Besides, you might have a little consideration for my arm. Come along here."

Tony planted his four feet firmly in the dirt and continued to bark at the squirrel, which had disappeared by this time. Mr. Watts dragged him a foot or so and then he picked up the barking imp and walked down the path, dog in arm.

When the treed squirrel was at a safe distance, Mr. Watts put Tony down, brushed the red woolen particles and white hairs from his dark coat, and walked jauntily on.

There were practically no people in the park comparing that day with a midsummer day. One was there on a bench, one here, but only a few. Only the dark oak leaves were still on the trees, and he wished they would fall, they looked so foolish. Ah, but the air was nice! He wished it would snow, though it wasn't cold enough for that. The park looked pretty, covered with snow.

Tony was behaving well, for the moment. Mr. Watts hoped they didn't meet any other dogs, for the Irish terrier in Tony made him love to scrap. The size of the other dog didn't matter—hound, bulldog, or chow.

At the next division of the path, Mr. Watts stopped and debated which way to go. Finally he turned left. The shrubbery had grown high and thick along the sides of this path,



and it wound first to the right and then to the left again. There the shrubbery ended, and Mr. Watts came to one of the loveliest parts of the park. It was a large open space where the grass grew its greenest—in the summertime. Here and there were clumps of bushes artistically arranged, and several large elm trees completed the scene.

Here were three benches, as Mr. Watts saw it that day. One was to the left of the path, and sitting there was a young man reading a newspaper.

The other two benches were a little to the right of the path and about thirty feet ahead of Mr. Watts, who had stopped at the other end of the shrubbery. These two benches were back to back, and sitting on the far one at one end, their backs to him, were a young man and a young girl who were undoubtedly very much interested in each other. The young man was sitting very close to her, his arm around her shoulders. They were talking quietly.

On seeing the romantic couple ahead of him, Mr. Watts smiled a little. Then he remembered the little book of poetry he had impulsively taken from the bookcase to read in the park. Poetry seemed the very thing to catch his over-flowing exuberance today and his delight in the romantic.

In order not to disturb the boy and girl, he pulled Tony quietly back to him and picked him up again. Trying to appear as though he did not see them, he proceeded to the empty bench and sat down at the end nearest him, and the end farthest from the lovers.

Mr. Watts felt a little guilty when the young fellow withdrew his arm from the girl's shoulders, and when their conversation ceased. He was afraid for a moment that they would

move, but paying no apparent attention to them, he put Tony down and slipped the handle of the leash over his wrist. From the inside pocket of his coat he took some heavy rimmed spectacles and set them upon his nose. From the outside pocket of his overcoat he took the small volume.

He thumbed over a few pages, found a selection to his liking, and settled down to read it, "Maud Muller." During the first four lines nothing happened. Though he tried, he could not get interested in the poem. His interest was in the romance at the other end of the bench.

Although to the boy and girl Mr. Watts must have seemed deep in a literary study—if they gave him much thought—he was, in reality, sitting with ears alert to all that might be heard in his vicinity. Mr. Watts fought insincerely against it, but his ear insisted on telling him that the arm was being replaced, and he caught these words:

"Gosh, Dotty"—that was all he could hear. The words were spoken at a very low pitch, and just then Tony began to scratch violently, rattling the license tag on his collar. Mr. Watts could do nothing, but he certainly was provoked.

When Tony at last relaxed, he heard the girl, Dotty, saying, "But Jimmy, you know how Mother would storm if she knew I met you here today. She wouldn't let me out of her sight for weeks if she knew it. I do!"

Here Mr. Watts large cane clattered to the ground, banging against the bench on its way. The placid gentleman in the powder blue tie came near to swearing under his breath. He retrieved the confounded thing and buried himself in the sad tale of the Judge and Maud, but not



for long. In fact, he read three whole verses and didn't read a word. By that time he was again concentrating on the words of the lovers.

"As soon as school is out in June," Jimmy was saying, "I'll have that job that Taylor promised me, and we could get along. If only—."

"How-do-you-do, Mr. Watts," a clear feminine voice shouted at him. "Isn't this a lovely day?—Hello, you cute little dickens, you."

Mr. Watts raised his head quickly. "Oh, how-do-you-do Mrs. Hendrickson. Yes, it is." He rose and tipped his hat with difficulty, considering his encumbrances.

"I missed your wife at the Bright Hour Luncheon today. Is she ill?"

"No, she's well, thank you."

"Tell her she just must come to see me quite soon, will you?"

"Yes, of course." Mrs. Hendrickson's loud voice rang in his ears even as she walked on. He sighed and sat again. It was a moment before his ears became tuned again to hear the low pitch, before he could hear anything more of the private affairs of two youngsters in love. Ah, funny, the things love made a young chap do. He knew!

He turned his eyes as far in their direction as he could without turning his head. He couldn't see anything but the red shoulder of the girl's coat, half hidden by the tan sleeve of the boy's jacket.

"Ah heck, Dotty. Why does your mother have to pick out a lemon like that? I think you even like him yourself."

"Jimmy, how can you say that?—But he is good looking."

"Don't tease me honey. I guess I

could like him if I knew he was in India. Tell me you hate him. You really do, don't you?"

"Let's talk about you, Jimmy. You can be awfully sweet when you want to be."

"What do you mean when I want to be?" His voice was gruffly tender.

Mr. Watts felt a flush rise to his face. He recalled a moment years ago, when he had sat on a stile over a fence dividing two farms. The bewitching, lovely girl beside him had said that very thing to him. "You can be awfully sweet when you want to be." Funny, he couldn't imagine his wife saying anything like that now. He chuckled aloud.

At the sound of his own voice he sat up suddenly—ashamed, guilty. The full weight of his intrusion settled on him. He straightened a grey glove, rose quickly, and—

At the same moment Tony spied a strange terrier on the other side of the path. He made a furious dash for the enemy, pulling his embarrassed and flustered master after him.

Mr. Watts spent his next few moments disentangling Tony and keeping himself from being bitten. Then with a struggling dog wearing a war-torn sweater, a book, and a cane, he made as graceful an exit as was possible. He didn't turn to see if the boy and girl were watching. He didn't scold Tony. He disappeared around the shrubbery-bordered path.

"Herbert!" exclaimed Mrs. Watts as she opened the door for him. "Home so soon?"

"Tony," said Mr. Watts solemnly shaking his finger at the ragged dog, "has been a very bad boy."



# Grandma Brown

MARY BURRIN

"Sit down, Grandma. There's no need for you to help. I can finish the Turkey myself," said Effie Brown to her mother-in-law.

Hmm! Sitting down was all she'd done since she'd been here. As for finishing the turkey, Effie always cooked meat too brown and dry, so hard you couldn't eat it, thought Grandma Brown.

For years the family had gathered at her house for Thanksgiving dinner. There had been a twenty pound turkey to start cooking the night before, pumpkin pies, cranberry sauce, and oyster cocktails. Now they said she was too old to have it, and her efficient daughter-in-law prepared the dinner. It wasn't the getting old she minded. After all, eighty-three wasn't so very old. Grandma Brown's hand touched her capped head. She must remember to take her curlers off before the folks came. No, it wasn't the getting old. It was being babied and protected as a doddering old woman she hated.

They were right. She couldn't see well enough to cook, but they didn't need to tell her. She didn't mind being almost blind so much, if only they would forget their well-intentioned sympathies and treat her as a human being.

Why didn't some of the grandchildren come? Then she would have someone to talk to. When a car drove in, she hastened to the window. She couldn't see who it was so she waited till Effie looked out and said, "Reuben and Alice usually come early. Suppose Reuben wants to go hunting."

Grandma Brown allowed herself to be kissed and hugged by them all.

Reuben called her "Grom" and exclaimed on how young she was looking. Beloved liar! During the general bustle Grandma remembered to go in her room and take off her curlers. She combed her hair, by touch mostly, and pinned the ends into a small knot.

"How nice your hair looks, Grandma." Anne, Reuben's oldest daughter, sat down beside her on the couch and began to talk chummily of the difficulties of sleeping on kid curlers.

Anne's a nice girl, thought Grandma Brown. Not much pride though. Didn't care much for clothes. Only one in this family that did was Kay, Tom's wife; and she was a fashion plate with practically nothing but a vacuum under her hat, and hands she didn't dare put in water for fear of ruining her manicure. No children either, and probably never would have. A fine old age some of this gay younger generation was going to have without any grandchildren to keep them from getting bored with themselves. She hadn't particularly wanted the three sons she'd had, and it had been very annoying to stay home with them, but if she had it to do over, she'd have three daughters, too. Her grandchildren had been devil-inspired pests when they were young. Funny thing about them. They had grown up to be likeable, decent people.

"Dinner's ready, Grandma." Anne helped her up. As she sat down at the table she sniffed expertly. Just as she thought, Effie had burned the turkey.

# Betty Ballads

Betty and Jane sit across from each other at the table;  
Betty and Jane make fun of each other as far as they are able;  
Betty and Jane have one thing in common in that they both hate Mabel.

Betty, Betty,  
Loves confetti  
And dances and parties and thrills  
Betty, Betty,  
Also loves Betty.

Jane, Jane,  
Full of disdain,  
How does your garden grow?  
With oxford glasses,  
And social classes,  
And pretty men, all in a row.

Mabel comes and Mabel goes;  
Mabel nods and says hellos;  
Mabel wears expensive clothes:  
That's all anyone ever knows  
About Mabel.

## CASTLES IN THE AIR

Betty joins the travel clubs  
And dreams of going far-off places  
To cities gay and glamorous  
Where she may meet exotic faces,

Where Adonis-like men whom nature anoints  
Will escort her to bigger and better beer-joints.

## BETTY LOVES PEOPLE

### I

Betty loves people:  
She loves to hear about their trials and sorrows  
And to share with them their times of happiness;  
She seeks them out and lets them unburden  
Their souls to her friendly heart.

In fact Jane hardly gets a chance  
At the telephone at all.

### II

Betty loves people:  
While walking down the street or out swimming  
Under God's beautiful sunshine, her great  
Sympathetic understanding drives her constantly  
To seek new friends; she never tires of knowing  
A new soul, in this great world of experience.

As Jane says, Betty will  
Pick up anybody.

GRACE FERGUSON



# Denouement

BETTY RICHART

Mrs. Bridgford was fidgeting. The prospect of the long evening before her filled her with nervous panic. Her husband sat solidly established behind his newspaper; she knew that no prospect of adventure could lure him from it. They sat in their intimate sphere of lamp-light without exchanging a word; the daily commonplace, had been duly gone through at dinner. Now there was nothing.

For years Enid had been in the habit of occupying herself with trifles while Tom absorbed the evening news. She tried sewing and knitting and reading indiscriminately; Tom never paid the least attention to any of it. Occasionally he commented upon current events or read passages from the paper. For twenty years his wife had been accustomed to reply in the words expected of her.

Tonight Enid Bridgford was tense; Tom's monosyllabic remarks fell into the pool of silence like pebbles. She rustled the pages of her magazine without seeing the words or pictures. Something, she thought, would have to be done sometime. Meanwhile, hold on; don't look at the straight line that is the back of his head. Don't pay any attention to the way he chews a cigar without lighting it.

Mrs. Bridgford happened upon a head-line in her magazine. "Are you a neurotic?" it read. A little amused with herself, she answered the list of questions. Her score was disquieting.

Then she turned to other articles, but gave up trying to read when she saw the pictures of glamorous dresses and lands far away. Modern kit-

chen equipment advertisements didn't stir her imagination; she had all those things—electrical and aluminum gadgets—already. Tom was willing to spend money for what he called "useful articles."

On a sudden impulse she prevailed on her husband to submit to her psychoanalysis.

"Are you self-conscious or afraid to meet people?"

"No," said Tom.

"Do you often think of suicide?"

"Never," said Tom.

"Do you indulge in self-pity?"

"No."

"Do you have temper tantrums?"

The answers to the questions came as steadily as hammer-blows, every one a decisive "No." And Enid knew that Tom was being honest, that he was right in not hesitating a minute in replying "No" to every single question.

Without a word Enid threw the magazine in her husband's face. In that moment even he was too much astonished to speak. Before he had time to wonder what was behind all this, Enid was up and out of the house. She was running down the street wildly, feeling somehow triumphant, as if she had just escaped the claws of a savage animal, having outwitted him, but not conquered him by strength.

She had no idea where to go. Only she knew she was never going back to that house, to dwell in it with the hundred per cent normal man she had married. Twenty years—that was long enough for such a life.



# Armor Against Death

## I

At last the hour of peace, the voices stilled,  
The contest ended at last. The citadel  
Is saved, and the sudden ambushes are over.  
The night is lovely and quiet where we dwell.

The armor of love, invisible, inward-shining . . . .  
Putting it on together, let us sing.  
No weapon can penetrate it, nor one arrow.  
O, unassailable, O, perfect thing.

## II

As silver frost upon a flower, the spell is laid  
Upon my heart; as snow falling lightly  
Whitens a ruined field, my heart is made  
Lovelier than itself, transfigured brightly.

How beautiful the world! But, heart, you know  
Your own enchantment, brief as frost or snow.

BETTY RICHART

# Return

DOROTHY STEINMEIER

Martha smiled the way she always smiled when someone said something nice to her. Someone was always saying something nice to her, it seemed.

Years ago when she had spoken her first "piece" on the Children's Day at the church and had forgotten the last three lines, she had cried upon the stage in front of all the church people. Her mother had kissed her and said it didn't matter. Her pink ruffled dress made her look like a doll and she didn't need to say anything. Her daddy had told her that he would get her an ice-cream cone. Aunt Sue had remarked that her curls were pretty. Her mother's cousin Sam had chuckled her under the chin and said he would let her ride his horse down the lane and back next day.

Yet she hadn't wanted everyone to be so nice to her. She wished that

someone would tell her that she ought to be spanked for forgetting those lines when she knew them and that she made too big a scene for a seven-year old. But no one had.

When they were twelve years old and she and her cousin Jane had run away down to the wood, slipped out their lunch in the morning and stayed away all day in the wood playing Indians, and hadn't come back until nearly dark, everybody had been frantic. Jane's mother was there, too. She was awfully worried about Jane, but she had spanked her hard and made her stay in the house all next day.

It had hurt Martha to see Jane cry, but Martha's mother had cuddled her and said that she was so glad her darling was back and she never wanted her to run off again. Grandmother had baked the prettiest little party cake, just doll-size and with pink



icing, for Martha and her dolls to eat the next day.

This evening they were all nice to her. Jane had brought over some chocolate fudge she had just made, and Jim, Jane's boy friend, introduced Tom to her.

"Martha's almost too pretty, but she's a darn good pal, aren't you, Marty? Best swimmer around," Jim was saying.

The radio was playing a hit tune, a soft waltz, and she and Tom were swaying to the music.

She looked over at Mother. Mother's hair was getting a little grayer, and perhaps there weren't quite so many lights in her eyes. She had wanted Martha to keep on in school. She and Daddy and grandmother and Aunt Sue had been so sure that Marty would reach the top, that she would be the most popular girl in college, and be the leading actress in the dramatic club.

When Martha had stumbled over the most important line she had in the play, and she had had only a small part, Ted had patted her on her shoulder and said she was all right and she had smiled and known she wasn't. The director had liked Jeanne much better although she wasn't nearly so pretty, and Jeanne was given the lead in the new play.

Martha had told mother that afternoon of the Christmas vacation that she didn't think that she could go back to school, that she didn't like it. Mother had told her that if she felt that way perhaps she would be better off at home. She could take art lessons at the Institute in town. She could always draw well anyway.

Martha wished her mother had told her to buck up and run along. She'd get over it. But her mother told her that she would be all right and Martha had smiled.

Martha looked up at Tom. "I'll be glad to see you at art school," he said. It was nice. That's when she smiled at him.

## The Hunt

MARS B. FERRELL

The youth descended briskly the steep side of the gully. His two dogs, already at the bottom, trotted through the light snow. Their high noses and quickening steps were read by the young trapper as definite signs that a catch was to be expected. The trap he had set a day ago at a den on the side of the small tributary gully ahead probably held a victim. In any event, the "set" had looked good—several fresh skunk tracks.

The dogs by now had begun to bark lustily—a bark characteristic of "cornered" or "treed," that is a succession of vicious yaps. As he came upon the scene, the trapper saw a skunk standing crosswise of the narrow gully-bottom, and hissing at first one dog and then the other as they barred the way either to his burrow or to the thick brush at the rim of the wash. The dogs, he observed with the eye of a trainer, were standing apace, for every hunting dog soon learns the rules of skunk capture. Young Bonnie, lacking the reserve of Pard, made the fatal move, which was to dive headlong at the seemingly harmless black animal. Instantly, the skunk's tail rose vertically. Skunk and dogs were enveloped by a metallic blue haze and, very shortly, the skunk stood alone. Both dogs were rooting in the snow, attempting to rid themselves of the "green" skunk-odor and, doubtless-regretting their encounter with such a revolting and sickening "taste." Green skunk-odor, as you know, when present in sufficient quantity, seems to mix with the saliva to give a singularly repulsive taste-reaction.

The trapper was angered by the ignoble treatment of his dogs, and was spurred on by the desire to obtain the pelt which he had already appraised as valuable. He tightened his grip on the short "finishing" club, took a deep breath of semi-fresh air



and "waded in."

One well-placed blow secured the prize. From the dogs' viewpoint, however, such "kills" are seldom worth the consequences suffered.

\*

## High Pressure

CATHRYN SMITH

Pauline regarded John fretfully. She thought: "He's so sensible. I don't believe he ever did or said anything crazy in his life. He's absolutely stodgy!"

They rode along in silence for a while. John never drove fast, but there was enough wind to whip color into their faces, and Pauline's hair blew wildly.

Feeling her gaze, John turned to her and smiled, undisturbed by her frown. The frown deepened.

"Can't you say anything?" she demanded.

The smile left his face. His eyes looked hurt. He looked back at the road, his hands tightening on the wheel while he spoke steadily as if what he said had been said many times before.

"I've told you how I feel. You've known me two years now, and for a year you've been trying to make up your mind. Jerry's a play-boy; I'm not. Jerry's been handing you a line since you were sixteen, and now you think maybe it's strong enough to hang on to forever. Well, you've known him longer than you've known me. Maybe he would make a good husband, but I can't believe you'd want a line all your life.

"I love you, Pauline. I love you enough to want you to be happy. That's why I've kept on when I knew the competition was heavy. But it can't go on indefinitely. I may be wrong. After all, you ought to know what you're doing.

"I'm no high-pressure man. I love you, and you know it, but I'd feel foolish trying to recite poetry about

you. You're going to see Jerry tonight. When he talks to you, try to picture yourself married to him. If you like the picture, don't call me tomorrow. If you decide you'd rather look at me across the breakfast table every morning, call me before twelve, and we can probably arrange it."

Pauline looked puzzled.

"Are you trying to tell me that if I don't make up my mind by tomorrow morning, I won't see you again?"

John nodded, "Something like that."

Pauline moved closer.

"John, do you know how many times you've kissed me?"

"Twice." The reply came promptly.

Pauline rested her head on the seat near his shoulder and closed her eyes. The car stopped suddenly.

"You're home." John spoke brusquely.

He jumped out and opened the door for her. She refused his arm, looking at him wonderingly. At the door, he said goodbye hurriedly, almost gruffly, and walked swiftly back to the car.

That night Pauline listened closely to Jerry's conversation. While they danced, he kept up a constant flow of words: commented on her beauty every few minutes.

"You're gorgeous tonight, Paul," or "Paul, I'm quite infatuated with you, you know."

Later he said, "You were always a beautiful dancer, honey. Really, it's a pleasure to know you."

Once he said, "Happy, sweet? Your eyes are like stars."

During a pause, Pauline looked at him thoughtfully, and began "Jerry, have you ever thought—"

"Never think," he interrupted. "I know everything. For instance, I know you're the grandest pal a man ever had."

Pauline smiled gayly.

"We are pals, aren't we?"



They left the dance early. On the way home Jerry continued to tell her of her remarkable beauty, and his everlasting affection.

Pauline was quiet. She thought, "He never said he loved me. It's just as he remarked: we are grand pals."

When he left her, Jerry kissed her lightly.

"So long, honey. See you soon."

The next morning, Pauline awakened early and reached for the telephone. The connection was made immediately. She spoke rapidly into the mouth piece.

"Could we start having breakfast this morning—high-pressure man?"

\*

## *Autumn Swept Garden*

Nothing can grow here now.  
This garden is Autumn-swept;  
Here, by the apple bough,  
You turned and wept.

Nothing can pierce this ground.  
It is wrinkled with thick covers.  
Beyond the range of sound  
A hoarse bird hovers.

Nothing comes here now.  
No freckled butterfly  
Will flutter near the bough  
And tint the sky.

Nothing can liven this ground.  
It is parched and dark with fear;  
It has heard the crying sound,  
Absorbed the tear.

**CHARLES AUFDERHEIDE**

# Uncle George

RUTH MARIE HAMILL

Every evening when Uncle George walks into the house, before he greets any member of the family, he yells, "O-oh, Pepper! O-oh, Ginger!" and if Pepper and her puppy aren't already scampering down the stairs, or from the living room, they come now. Pepper stands on her hind legs and leans her forepaws on him while she nuzzles in his pockets for peanuts. Ginger dances around him, making funny noises which sometimes terminate in a short bark. He picks the little dog up and feeds both him and Pepper a few peanuts or bites of candy that he has brought for them.

His thick gray hair is rumpled and disorderly. Every morning he smooths it down with castor oil, but it never stays that way long. His skin is like a young boy's, smooth with scarcely a semblance of a beard. He is of medium height and portly build, but with none of the dignity usually associated with such a figure.

At the dinner table he refuses to eat pie or turnips unless they are absolutely cold.

"How about some bread and milk?"

he will say, and is content to eat just bread and milk for his evening meal.

In the morning he asks gruffly if that new shirt of his is washed. He will not put on a new shirt or pair of socks until after they have been washed.

Uncle George goes fishing whenever an opportunity presents itself. One summer, when he was out of work, he fished every day. I think he caught two fish that summer. It doesn't matter to him whether or not he catches anything. He just likes to be by the river with his dog. But, although he takes his recreation tramping along the river, he hates to get his shoes muddy. He would rather take them off and wade through the mud in his bare feet than get mud on his shoes.

Folks who don't know him well are sometimes offended by what he says, for he says just what he thinks without regard for another's feelings. He is always willing to go out of his way to accommodate someone, and has many friends in spite of his blunt speech.

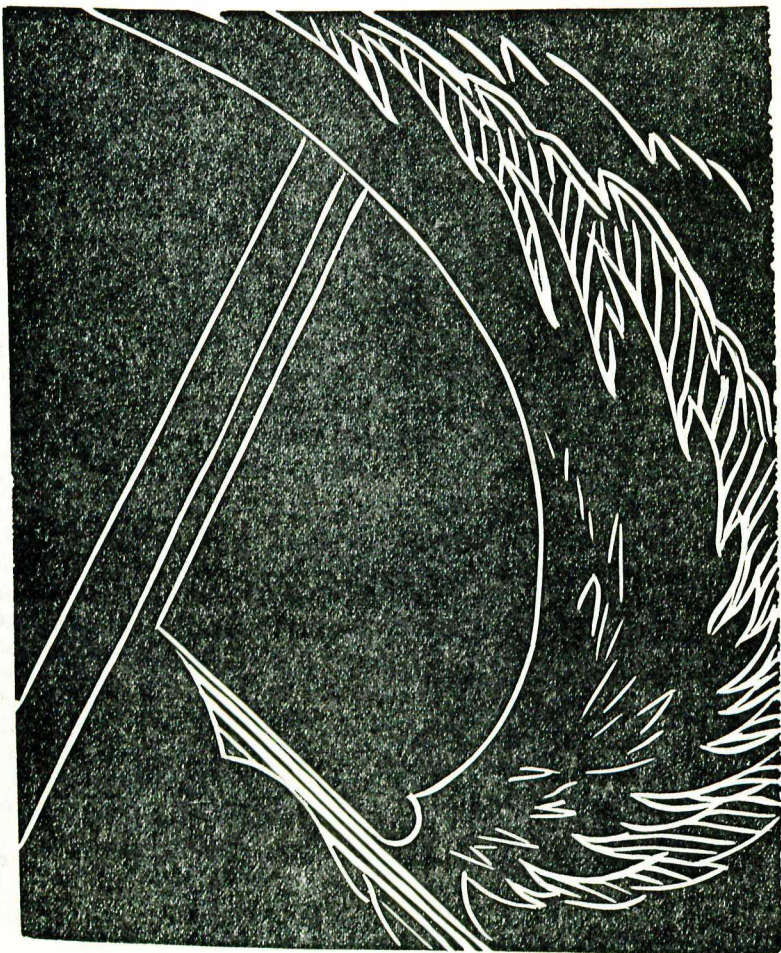
\*

## Fate

Clacking little wooden beads  
Moved by stronger will than ours.  
Occult power never heeds.  
Cries of mercy through the hours.  
Cracked, a tiny wooden round  
Falls unnoticed, makes no sound.

PHILLIPA SCHREIBER







# Soft Answer

*Swain*

MARGUERITE ELLIS

Mr. Hughes was downcast. In fact, Mr. Hughes was pessimistic. It was not the fact that it was Sunday—Mr. Hughes was not a church-going man—but simply that the view from the big front window of his newspaper office was neither scenically inspiring nor financially hopeful.

To be specific, the view was the "village square." Its being circular and having no imposing buildings did not alter the fact that it was "the square." Deacon Bierkemper, that pillar of Dunville society, had always called it "the square," so it came quite naturally by that name.

Mr. Hughes meditated on the all-powerful Deacon, and on his own financial difficulties—for they were bound in an inseparable tie. Not that Mr. Hughes disliked the Deacon. The Deacon was a fine upstanding citizen; he was a devout church-goer, and a village power. Indeed, he had a finger in every pie, and was viewed by all with respect and awe.

He controlled the village's purse strings too. And this was the thorn in Mr. Hughes' side—the Deacon controlled the advertising of the town's various trade concerns. Moreover, he had refused to give the printing of their advertisements to Mr. Hughes. Indeed he had sent them to the next town—and all because the Deacon's opinions did not agree with Mr. Hughes' editorials.

It was an outrage, Mr. Hughes was asserting vigorously to himself in vari-colored language. He again glanced out of his window with a slightly venomous look in his eyes. The buildings on the "square" stood sleepily in the morning sunshine. The Emporium, Dry Goods and Other Merchandise, stood arrogantly at one end, dissolving all Mr. Hughes' hopes of a lucrative income. At the other end was the Farmer's National

in all the glitter of its brass name plate; it had refused Mr. Hughes a loan. Nearby, detracting from its glory, stood Skrobian's Pool Hall, with a motly collection of drug-stores, ice-cream parlors, places of business hovering near, and, in solitary grandeur, on the corner, the New Zealand Hotel.

Mr. Hughes surveyed this scene with a jaded eye which woke to startled interest as he saw the horse and buggy of Deacon Bierkemper approaching. The horse and buggy was moving in an unmistakable hurry. Mr. Hughes looked at his clock. It was five minutes past church time. Mr. Hughes again glanced out of the window. Mr. Hughes' curiosity got the better of his natural pride. He went to the screen door.

The Deacon appeared to be in difficulty. His horse refused to move. The Deacon did his best. Still the horse refused to move. The Deacon surveyed the situation. He frowned—a frown which always terrified the Sunday School—but the horse stood firm. The Deacon now began to speak, but not in the genteel, restrained way one would expect of the Deacon. His discourse to the horse was distinctly punctuated by dots, dashes, interjections, and whirligigs.

Mr. Hughes, from the screen door, could scarcely believe his ears. Could it be the worthy Deacon Bierkemper? He hastily stepped out of his door to further investigate the matter.

The Deacon, pausing in his tirade to draw breath, saw Mr. Hughes. He glared—a most vicious glare—at Mr. Hughes.

Mr. Hughes smiled affably and said, "Havin' some trouble, Deacon?" "Nothin' to speak of," snapped Deacon Bierkemper.

"Well, well," observed Mr. Hughes



in honeyed tones, "didn't think you'd speak to a horse that way, Deacon!"

Smarting under the whiplash of Mr. Hughes' wit, the Deacon looked wrathfully at his watch. He was fifteen minutes late.

The voice of Mr. Hughes broke in upon his anger, "I had a horse like that, 'bout ten years ago. Never would start unless you'd tickle his ears. Of course, you had to tickle his ears in a special way, but he'd always start when I'd tickle 'em. I never did swear at that horse. Or were you swearin', Deacon?"

The Deacon glared—too angry to speak.

"My, my," continued Mr. Hughes, "what would the congregation think if they knew you swore—and most especially on Sunday?"

A dull red suffused the Deacon's rather high cheek-bones. In stony silence he renewed his futile attempts to start the horse. The horse, however, remained adamant.

"Well, why don't you tickle its ears, Deacon?" suggested Mr. Hughes.

The Deacon glared again. He looked at his watch. Twenty minutes late, now! Laboriously he clambered out of the buggy, and, in all the dignity of his Sunday suit, he approached the horse's head. Reaching out a bony finger, he hesitatingly scratched the horse's ear.

The horse shook his head resentfully. The Deacon tried again. The results were decidedly negative.

Mr. Hughes' voice broke in again upon him, "Right nice sale you're goin' to have down to your store, eh, Deacon? Who's doin' your advertising?"

The Deacon scratched even more furiously, but said nothing. The horse stood placidly still. The Deacon was now scratching desperately.

Said Mr. Hughes, "I reckon you're not much good at ticklin' a horse's ears, Deacon. You got to be an artist to do it."

The Deacon despairingly looked at

his watch. He was twenty-five minutes late now! They'd be taking the collection in a few minutes.

Mr. Hughes' voice went rambling on cheerfully, "Besides you don't even swear at that kind of a horse. They're sensitive. You started off wrong. But I don't know what your congregation would think if they'd heard you."

The Deacon began hesitatingly, a new thing in this man of decisive action—"About that sale, Brother Hughes—"

"Oh, yes," interrupted Mr. Hughes wickedly, "your congregation would be shocked for sure. Besides, you're almost a half hour late now. Maybe I ought to try my hand at ticklin'."

The Deacon's cold blue eyes began to look hopeful. He began again, "Well, now, Brother Hughes, as I was sayin'—about that sale—"

Mr. Hughes, with malice aforethought, again interrupted, "You better get in and I'll try."

The Deacon managed a frosty smile and climbed into the buggy—"I trust you'll not say anythin' about my little temper awhile back," he said ingratiatingly.

Mr. Hughes smiled thoughtfully, "Well, now, Deacon, I reckon we can sort of keep it to ourselves—if you'd like. I don't mind doin' folks a favor now and then."

So, smiling inwardly and outwardly, Mr. Hughes approached the horse's head. He tickled with a will, muttering to the horse mysteriously in the meantime. The Deacon watched hopefully. Then with a jerk the horse started. The Deacon managed another wintry smile of thanks and went on his way. A faint chuckle escaped Mr. Hughes as he watched the worthy Deacon drive down the dusty road to the church thirty-five minutes late.



# Tangible Evidence

Wiley?  
WILBUR ELLIOTT

Young Kipling Wiley silently inserted the key, and turned the knob with the greatest of caution. As he closed the door behind him, it gave only the merest hint of a squeak. Kipling mentally congratulated himself on the mouse-like quiet of his entrance, and then started across the floor on tip-toe.

"No use, Kip. The jig's up." Mr. Wiley's deep voice came from the far end of the room.

Kipling stopped short and let his shoulders sag. Now he was in for it. Maybe a half-hour of tongue lashing, maybe an hour, if luck was against him. Bad luck had surely been dogging his footsteps. First he had had that blow-out which had made him late for Lucia just when he was taking her to a formal dance. This, in turn, caused both Lucia and him to have words several times while at the dance and finally ended by their climbing into his speedy roadster and driving toward home. But he stopped the car and would not continue until an understanding was reached. That's why they had been late. The argument with Lucia ended by her stating that her unjeweled hand showed he had no more claim to her than anyone else. He nodded his head and sighed inwardly. These women!

He stretched his long body in the chair by the fireplace, his anatomy practically resting on the back of his neck. Glancing warily at his father, who sat silent and immobile, staring into the glowing embers of the fireplace, Kipling wished that the old boy would get going as long as a lecture was inevitable. After all, a guy needs some sleep!

But Mr. Wiley was in no hurry. He rose from the chair, threw fresh fuel on the fire, and stood watching the flames leap high as the greedy red-hot embers began to consume it.

His stocky figure, inclined to corpulency, was silhouetted clearly against the flames, and Kipling eyed it with no small amount of trepidation. He didn't like this unnatural silence.

Finally his father turned and lifted black, shaggy eyebrows. "Well, Kip," he said, and extended a thin gold watch for inspection, "It's three o'clock. What have you to say for yourself? And remember, before you explain, that your mother and I had your word of honor that you would positively be in at one-thirty. Of course, we had only your word for it, which evidently means nothing."

Kipling swallowed hard. "Lord, Dad," he said, "I honestly meant to, but—" Oh, what was the use! You couldn't explain to Dad that Lucia was the only thing in life worth while. You couldn't tell him that half the guys on the campus were making a play for her. Not that Lucia was fickle, but the competition was sure stiff. Oh, let Dad rave, you couldn't make him understand really important things in life.

One thing he didn't have to contend with was mother. She only made matters worse as she hovered uncertainly on the threshold and offered timidly, "Kippy, dear, why don't you do as your father asks? He means it for your own good, and he does so many nice things for you."

"Well, young man," Mr. Wiley said mildly enough, "I see the time has come to take drastic measures. The next time you use your key at three o'clock in the morning, you'll find it's no use. The door will be barred on the inside."

"Aw, dad—" Kipling began, but the flood gates were down, and the expected harangue, delivered in a wrathful, apoplectic manner, went booming through the long, high-ceil-



inged room, off to a start that promised unexpected dramatic action before it should decline and peter out. No use to say anything. The only thing left was to let the mind wander off to find its own means of escape. Just nod or shake your head when dad shouted, "Now, that's so, isn't it?" or "I'm not mistaken, am I?" For although Dad roared, threatened, and looked at times really dangerous, Kip knew that he was as confined by conventions and a gentle up-bringing as the flames behind him were confined by the brick and iron solidity of the fireplace.

Suddenly, a subtle, clinging fragrance struck Kip's nostrils. Lucia! Some of that dope he had smelled on her new red formal. He leaned his sleek dark head toward the right shoulder of his tuxedo. Then he discovered that it was not Lucia's perfume, but that the odor came from a large bowl of American Beauty roses standing on the table at his elbow. It made him see Lucia almost as if she were standing there before him. What a lucky guy he was! He ought to learn to keep his mouth shut, and be grateful that she showed her preference by choosing him as an escort to the past few dances.

Kip put out a fore-finger and touched the nearest gorgeous bloom beside him; then he jerked his hand back, startled into full consciousness for a moment. His father had banged a great, tensely gripped fist down upon the table and had shouted, "PAY ATTENTION!"

"Yes, sir," Kip answered meekly, and looked at the slopped water and the two roses standing up-ended outside of the bowl. Those flowers were swell. He'd get his birthday check tomorrow and blow five bucks of it for some of the blooms. Perhaps Dad would feel a little ashamed of himself by tomorrow, and write a check for fifty dollars instead of the usual twenty-five. Then he could get a nifty engagement ring. Wow! Would that put him "in there pitching";

that is, if he could persuade her to wear such a ring. Well, he'd switch price tags, and she'd never know the difference. Yes, sir, a big bouquet of roses, and a diamond in a white velvet satin-lined box. Provided—

Again he was shocked from his reverie by more dramatic action on the part of his irate father. Mr. Wiley placed a check on the table.

"Pay to the order of—Kipling Wiley, Fifty Dollars—\$50.00," Kip read.

"You see," Mr. Wiley said, "I hadn't forgotten your birthday." He recovered the check and dropped it into the roaring fire. "Of course," he continued, "I could write another. It's only paper. But, believe me, Kipling Wiley, I won't! You not only blithely break every rule I set for you, but you insult me further by obviously paying no attention to anything I say regarding your ruthless disobedience."

"But look, Dad! Please—" Kip started, then was quiet. It was no use. The roses! He could manage them out of his allowance. But all hopes for the ring, the tangible evidence that Lucia was his, went chimney-ward with the hungry flames.

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## Indianapolis Times

MARGARET PARRISH

It is growing dark swiftly now. The slight mist that hovered around the Monument is getting heavier. Lights blink on to make the War Memorial Plaza a distant fairy land. (Only half of the lights went on. That is good. Otherwise it would look like a Power and Light Company advertisement.) The pigeons on the Circle are quieting down, and Christ Church is gray with shadows.

The line of cars honks its noisy way across four points of the compass. Shop girls throw hasty glances at the clock while they answer the demands of an elbowing last-minute crowd.

Six and seven o'clock—Maybe you



dress for dinner and dine fastidiously at the club with Martin, who has served you for years, to point out the choice dishes on the menu. Maybe you grab coffee and doughnuts at the little shop on the Circle. No need for pity if you do. The place is all sparkling white and shining nickel—cheery and clean enough. Maybe, of course, you do not do much at all in the way of dining—and even the dirty, impish little “newsy” on the corner may be infinitely better off than you.

Eight and nine—and the crowd piles back down town for its relaxation. Eight—to take in the current stage or screen success. Nine—to dance, if you wear sweeping taffeta with gardenias in your hair, or the strict black and white evening uniform, you may spend a gay evening at any one of the expensive clubs or more exclusive hotels. You are privileged to spend your evening with more pretty dresses and half a dozen penguins, indulging in pointless conversation and too many Manhattans.

If your gardenias are artificial, and your silk obviously weighted, you have just as wide, though perhaps less generally accepted choice of night spots.

Eleven-thirty—Really most of the theatres are quite empty now. Taxis swarm through the quiet streets. That little place off the Circle (you know—where they have the best ham sandwiches in town) does its usual rushing business with its usual varied patrons. Many different kinds of people like ham on rye.

Three young couples walk merrily down the street. The movie was amusing, for they are still laughing. The air is crisp; their cheeks are pink, and their eyes are bright. All the way home they will pattern their gay conversation on the smart repartee they have just heard.

It is twelve o'clock. The big electric clock has been turned off; it is quite dark now. Does time ever stop?

## *I Hit My Mark*

WILLIAM STEINMETZ

The hunt was ready to start, but only after a hunting ground was secured. Since I was one of a polite party of hunters, as hunters go, I left the car to ask a farmer's permission to hunt on his property.

“Sure,” said the farmer, “if you'll do me a favor in return. See that sick cow over there in that pasture? Well, I want you to shoot her. She's no good any more; she's lost all her teeth, and can't eat enough to stay alive. Please shoot her. I haven't the heart to do it.”

This was quite a blow to me, but I consented to “oblige” him. Upon returning to my party, I broke the news about his permission to let us hunt, but I did not mention a word about the sick cow then or at any time during the day.

The weather was perfect, and it was a great treat to be out and tramping around through the woods and over the hills. The whole party of us had trudged from early morn until the sun was throwing golden shadows from the west. After all this effort, we had bagged only three rabbits among the lot of us. It was in this rather discouraged mood that we turned in the direction of the farmer's house.

When we reached the pasture, I remarked, “I've got a rabbit and plenty of burs; now I think I'll get some big game. See that cow?”

Aiming carefully, I fired; the old cow fell to the ground without pain. But upon this move, two of my friends sprang upon me; others fled behind big trees.

I guess I carried this practical joke too far, because they took my gun from me, scampered to our car, and drove off without me. Now I am wondering who this joke is on after all.



# The Curse of Being Clever

GLENN M. WHITE

Stephen Leacock mentions in one of his essays the horseman who "leaped into the saddle and galloped off madly in all directions." It would take a clever horse and a clever rider to do that, but Leacock was not necessarily being clever when he wrote about it. He was merely experienced in such matters. Any one will admit that it would take a clever horse to be able to gallop off in all directions. And think of the dexterity of intellect of the man who rode him! Cleverness is intellectual trickery, usually harmless. A clever person is one peculiarly adroit, but not exact of mind, capable of grasping things quickly, but not entirely, who usually manages a complacent appearance, but is seldom satisfied with himself. He can answer nine questions quickly because he is clever, and miss a tenth for the same reason. He is apt to consider anything close a try, rather than a mistake. A clever person is handy at most jobs, seldom expert in any. Often his energies are so consumed in fluttering, he cannot muster the strength to fly.

If strength does not come with age, caution does. There are almost no clever old people. Cleverness is largely confined to the young, to the unformed character. Age supplants cleverness with wisdom sooner or later. Or the clever person, awakened from a dream he has forgot, stands disconsolate and dazed. The curse of being clever is another curse of being young, making a tender spot doubly vulnerable. Added to an acute discomfiture at his natural inferiority, the clever young person is further rankled by those more darkly accursed people who really think they are clever. It is a knife in his breast.

What has the clever person done to deserve his fate? If he is actually clever, what made him so? Perhaps his environment and heredity. If you

know a clever person, it is an even bet that he is one who has been much left to his own device. He has invented marvelous games, but played them all alone. He has asked himself many questions, and answered nine out of ten correctly.

There is a false premium placed upon cleverness amid the confusion of public education. Cleverness up to a certain point is mistaken for scholarship. The tenth question! Why cannot the clever person answer the tenth question? The clever man who is athletically inclined may soon become a hard-running back who can kick and pass. But if he eludes ten men, he is always stopped by the eleventh. He has merely advanced the ball down the field. Advancing the ball is the one important value of cleverness, and once advanced, the ball is due to be kicked back into hell's corner.

Socially, no one is so liable for hatred as the clever person taken at his face value. And no one is so completely lovable as the clever person exposed. It is an extra effort for the clever person to be popular. Usually he makes bad first impressions. His ideas are too generalized or too subtle. His wit is too scathing, or confined only to himself. If he is clever and knows it, he may allow for himself, but it is a tedious adjustment. And—can the truly clever person ever realize what ails him?

The answer is no, except in the final stages of his affliction. Then he sits secluded in a remote corner of his mind, frothing at the mouth, and mumbling, "I am clever! I am clever! I am clever!" Suddenly he is no longer clever; he does not even think he is clever; he knows he is not clever. The transformation has just begun. He knows ten answers for eleven questions; he is set for the kick. The horse that galloped off in all directions is beginning to arrive at everyplace.



# Autobiographical Recipe

JACK HOWARD

A Recipe for a Short Autobiography:

- 2 parts paternal ancestry
- 2 parts maternal ancestry
- 3 parts your own personal characteristics
- 3 parts predictions regarding the future
- 4 parts candor

Seasoning of clever phrases, punctuation, capitalization, and fresh ideas to taste

Combine the first two ingredients with one part of candor and a pinch of seasoning, and mix in "the melting pot of the world." Skim the third ingredient from this, and mix with remaining ingredients to form a smooth salve. Season to taste, spread thinly on paper, and blot.

## PAN I

Hmmmm—looks interesting. Never have much luck with recipes, though. Last time I mixed two of them and "my ode turned into a sonnet." Well—guess I'll have to see what can be done with this.

- "2 parts paternal ancestry
- 2 parts maternal ancestry"

Well, that seems sensible. I guess they're in this drawer over here. Ah, yes—German paternal and Scotch maternal ancestries. I think I'll get my money's worth.

"Combine the first two ingredients with one part of candor and a pinch of seasoning and mix in "the melting pot of the world."

Hmmmm—those are rather elusive ingredients. I'll just have to do the best I can with them. Those first two ingredients seem the most important so far. Let's see—oh yes, the Scotch and Germans are both important modern peoples. I guess they both seem to be fairly frugal and industrious. Both seem to be important in science and literature and molding the world we live in. Well—I guess a combination of the two ought to be

fairly successful. Don't see why not.

Whoa there—"the melting pot" is boiling over. Heck, I'm losing that scum of personal characteristics. Guess I'll just have to pick it up around the edges. Seems to have lost all its frugality, though—it won't hold money more than a second. Guess the industriousness is gone too—darn stuff won't boil any more. Anyway I think I've salvaged a strong standard of morals and thinking. Although part of it boiled away I'll expose it to the air, and maybe it'll be better rounded out eventually.

"Skim the third ingredient from this—"

Guess I'll have to use another pan to skim it into.

## PAN II

"3 parts your own personal characteristics."

This skimming's a tedious job. I wonder how this scum of characteristics was formed—what chemical actions in the original material caused it? There seems to be a trace of backwardness in it—an inability to meet others easily. Probably owing to that unappetizing streak of "yellow" which caused a lack of friends and subsequent inability to mix. Hmmmm—that's rather straight and narrow scum when it comes to moral standards—such as smoking, drinking, religion, etc. Looks are deceiving though, I guess—I can push the scum into any shape the pan will allow—certainly is influenced a lot by environment—seems to be too lazy to change its shape.

There is an artistic side to this skimming business, evidently—seems to be a love of good music present. I guess when you bring a music-loving ancestry and a music-conscious community together something's bound to happen. That something seems to be a compound called love



of good music.

What's that black spot? Oh, I see—it's a dislike of participation in athletics. Kinda' spoils things, but nothing to do about it. Aha—I see what caused that. Too much bossiness and unpleasantness when everybody else was learning baseball, football, etc. Enjoyment demands skill, and you can't teach an old dog new tricks. The only reason this doesn't spoil things is that there seems to be a liking for spectator sports present.

Seems like I've hit the main points—backwardness, certain moral standards, a love of music, and a dislike of sports seem to be the bases of this scum of personal characteristics.

This pan's rather messed up—better try another, I guess.

### PAN III

"3 parts predictions regarding the future

4 parts candor

Seasoning of clever phrases, punctuation, capitalization, and fresh ideas to taste."

"—and mix with remaining ingredients to form a smooth salve. Season to taste, spread thinly on paper, and blot."

Such intangible ingredients! First we seem to need some predictions. Well, I can stick in the fact that the whole world seems destined for a new economic order. That ought to bring about a reaction of some kind. Add to this the fact that the present generation cannot be trained for the changed order—and you have something. I can stick in the personal prediction that I'll probably get along best (in business) in a job that supplies, rather than requires, leadership. The thing I'd most like to stick in would be a future as a musician, an organist. But these ingredients are more or less formed after being added.

Well—at last that recipe's carried out. Let's hope the cake doesn't fall in the oven.

## Moving Into College

RICHARD JOYCE

I'm here, so what? All the tears, and all the letters of "wish you were back," all the homesick hopes, and all the train fare can never bring me home again. College is my story and I'm stuck with it. My last hope died when the little brown hand bag was carried into the house. On its sleek suede sides I pinned the last vestige of home and order. When it was unpacked my heart sank lower than Death Valley. Such a state is unusual for me, because I can usually find something to laugh at, even if it's only myself.

I used to be a pretty happy sort of a fellow. I used to sit in the drug store by the corner and tell how I thought the school should be run, and how glad I'd be to get out of it into college. I used to go to bed at a decent hour and grumble because I didn't have anything to do. I even used to sleep as late as eight o'clock. I liked Court Street when it rained. It made the church across the street look like a castle with a shining moat all around it. It made the trees glisten and the tires hiss when they hit the wet pavement. I liked the warm smell of pastry and the clinking of dishes when mother set the table. In spite of my occasional grumbling I knew when I was well off.

But now all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't put me together again. I run around with buttons off and pants unpressed. I don't go to bed late. When I go to bed it's very early indeed. I leave my book in one place and my pen in another. I put the dirty clothes in the furnace and the garbage in the dirty clothes basket. I have never known what it is to know absolutely nothing about everything.



# Prologue To Autobiography

ANNE HORNE

## PROLOGUE

The guests had arrived for the christening. A steady stream of admiring relatives and close friends filed past the ruffled bassinet wherein lay the object of all eyes—the baby. Last in that long line came the eighty year old great-grandmother, whose still clear eyes told of that indomitable spirit contained in her tiny form. With bated breath the rest of the family watched her stoop over the baby, catch her breath, and straighten up with an inscrutable smile on her rather thin lips.

"She's one o' the odd ones!" she cackled.

"Oh, Granny!" ejaculated the somewhat discomfited mother. "Just because every once in awhile a baby girl is born into this family who doesn't have the usual sandy complexion, you have to insist that she's going to be 'different'!"

There was a tradition in the family that every so often in the line of sandy complexioned children, there was a girl born with a look that set her apart from the rest. This was largely because of the big dark eyes and blonde hair which she invariably possessed. These girls were different! They had careers. They were leaders in whatever course they chose to pursue.

"Granny" herself had been one of these different ones. In the days when careers for women were somewhat awe-inspiring she had gallantly sallied forth to the Civil War as a nurse. There she fell in love with one of her patients, nursed him back to health, married him, and sent him back to war, where he was killed just ten days later. After the war she married one of the doctors and helped him build up his rapidly diminishing practice in a tiny pioneer town. It was "Granny" who was re-

sponsible for the growth of that town. It was she who was the leading spirit in all new movements. She set the styles, modes, patterns, and customs of the place. "Granny" was absolute dictator. Her children were a vast disappointment to her. All had the sandy complexions and mild dispositions of their sandy complexioned, mild tempered fore-fathers.

When, rather late in "Granny's" life, Marybe was born, "Granny's" prayers were answered! It has been told that when Marybe, at the age of three, screamed and kicked the plaster off the kitchen wall because she couldn't keep a snake she had brought home, "Granny" was heard to murmur in exultation; "Praise Lord! I've got one o' the odd ones!"

Marybe herself, an ardent follower of Carrie Nation, had nine children, all of whom bore the usual sandy hair and light complexions. This was a keen disappointment to Marybe, who vented her feelings in the blows she dealt the saloon windows.

Violet, sandy as the rest, had always looked on this tradition with scorn. How silly it was, after all, to expect one to be different just because one's hair and eyes were different. Her child wasn't going to be that way anyway. It was too bad that she had had to name her after "Granny". That will make her feel that she can dictate to me about her, she thought.

Walking over to where her mother and grandmother sat, she said, "Granny, you needn't expect my Rosemary to be any different. I've got her plans all made!"

"Granny" and Marybe looked at one another with the same expression on each of their faces. Then "Granny" cackled again.

"We'll see."

## EPILOGUE

It was for the celebration of Rosemary's eighteenth birthday that the family had assembled. "Granny", no longer clear visioned, was honor guest!



The birthday dinner had been eaten, the towering cake reduced to crumbs, and the ice-cream merely pinkish water, when the guests retired to the library and grouped themselves around the fire-place to watch Rosemary open her many gifts.

All gifts but one had been opened, admired, and the givers thanked, when Rosemary, her eyes misty, picked up the tiny blue ribboned box. Her hands fumbled as she untied the bow. All eyes were upon her as she drew forth an old-fashioned locket—Granny's most cherished possession! Inside were two pictures—Granny at eighteen, and her soldier-lover. The card attached read, "To Rosemary—who is most like me!"

Rosemary, running to Granny, threw her arms around her and cried, "Thank you for the most wonderful birthday I've ever had!"

Late that evening, after Rosemary had told Granny of her grand opportunity to go on the stage, the old woman looked at her grand-daughter.

"Well, Violet," she cackled, "didn't I tell you she was one o' the odd ones! She's a doer, that 'un."

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## *Shapes in The Night*

DAVE CRAYCRAFT

People are shapes, and things are shadows; places a blur, and faces a blank. All people sleep sometime, but cities never—and never all people at once. The city's roar is a decrescendo from midnight on, but it never dies down to silence. Most windows are dark; most lights are out, but never all. There is the unending business of giving and taking life; there are marriages to be consummated and violated; there are lives to be saved under surgeon's knives, and lives to be taken under automobile wheels; there is work for ambulances and

buses, for taxicabs and garbage wagons, and there are markets to be made ready and milk to be delivered; there is work for cops and waiters, for house-dicks and ladies of the evening; and, at the zero hour of dawn, play boys returning from play pass laborers going to work. Cities never sleep.

Cities never sleep and never die. Life must continue though the senses weary. Blinded eyes, ringing ears, flat taste, greasy touch, and suffocating lungs are the tortures of a city.

The few sleeping passengers on the tops of the double decked buses roaring by are unknowingly exposed to the evil tortures. By the many lights on the street they are blinded, and by the rattling elevated an unforgettable war is placed in their minds. On one side are factories; on the other side, business. Rancid smoke from the tall stacks chokes the lungs and escaping sewer gas deadens the taste. The screaming sirens on the ambulances, the clanging bells on the fire trucks, and the slithering of brakes on taxicabs all help to kill the senses of the human body.

Cities never sleep, never die, and never quit. All hours of the night convey shadows parading to work; to factories roaring and smoking, to lights of lunch counters and garages that give twenty-four hour service. The conveyors of life; buses, trains, and taxicabs, are always moving. Paper boys hoarsely yelling on the street, crooners bellowing from second story night clubs, and radio announcers rasping from every other window add to the many unrecognized tortures of life. The long strain and grind tear down the senses; but cities go on and on—they never sleep, die, nor quit.



## Apples and Glass

(A Comment on Picasso's "Pomme et Verre")

CHARLES HOSTETTER

"No, Junior, the picture is not hung upside down."

"How does Mother know? They don't hang pictures upside down."

"The picture is called 'Apple and Glass.'"

"Why do they call it that? Because that is a picture of an apple and a glass."

"You don't believe it? Why, Junior! Can't you see the apple?"

"No, here it is. This round object in the middle with the red on the bottom and the blue on the top is the apple."

"Yes, I know, Junior. I never saw one that looked like that either."

"The blue thing with all the white lines is the glass, not a piece of a crossword puzzle."

"Yes, Junior, perhaps the glass is broken."

"How do I know who broke it? Maybe the artist has a little boy like you at home."

"Well, er, eh—I guess the brown part is a table."

"The artist didn't want to put those things on the table."

"I know they can't stay in the air. This is sort of a fairy picture, Junior."

"There aren't any fairies!"

"Yes, I did say it was sort of a fairy picture. Oh, Junior, don't mention fairies any more."

"The tan color is the background. Maybe he ran out of paint."

"Oh! Artists just draw things. They don't have any reason, Junior."

"Junior, we can't stand here all day. Come now. You must learn to appreciate art."

## These Three: Beauty, Power, Knowledge

RALPH W. MORGAN

It is fitting and natural that I, who was born and have lived most of my life in Indianapolis, should think that this city is one of the most beautiful communities in the United States. However, if all of the other beauty spots of Indianapolis were excluded, the World War memorial plaza in the heart of the city would still give me a reason for a belief in the abundant beauty of my birthplace. Concentrated in this comparatively small space are the representatives of three of man's highest attainments; the DePew memorial fountain is esthetic beauty, the World War memorial shrine is righteous power, and the Indianapolis public library is universal knowledge.

The DePew memorial fountain, esthetic beauty, is the centerpiece of what was formerly University park. Now, however, this park is incorporated into the war memorial plaza, and the fountain lends its sculptured beauty to a memory of more valiant days. The fountain pool is enclosed by a low circular wall of smooth tinted marble. In the pool, scattered at regular intervals near the level of the water, are four pairs of grotesque cast iron catfish, from whose snouts issues a perpetual stream of watery defiance at the laughing, dancing, children at the raised center of the fountain. Clasp hands to form a dancing circle, with heads thrown back and young mouths wide with an eternally silent, yet loud and strong, merry song, these leaping net-clad or unclad fishermen's children or Neptunic nymphs are the ultimate anthitheses of the cold, lifeless metal of which they are made.



In the center of this dancing circle rises a graceful column that is topped by a large dripping basin whose cool spray is the evident reason for the impromptu dance below. Upon a pedestal in the center of the basin is the crowning subject of the fountain. Clad in filmy Grecian robes with arms upraised to clash cymbals stands a slightly more mature feminine figure. She smiles down on the dancing children. Perhaps she is the goddess of joy and dancing; perhaps she is just an older girl of the fisherfolk, but whoever she is she approves with her cymbals and her smiles the dancing innocents below. Truly the Depew memorial fountain is the very personification of esthetic beauty.

The World War memorial shrine room is housed in a massive structure that is the embodiment of strength. However, the exterior of the war memorial building does not contain in its heavy architecture the lofty spirit of idealism which is expressed in the shrine room. Upon reaching the shrine room one immediately gains the impression that he has entered a magnificent cathedral. Ethereal blue light flows from the tall slender windows as if to flood every corner with the intangible echoing phrase: "Greater love hath no man . . ." Misty silence reigns around the central cenotaph in which is contained the spirit of all those who fought and died that others might live in a safer world. Above the cenotaph, in eternal majesty, hangs a great American flag which in rare moments ripples a benediction upon the enshrined spirit below. Half way up the walls of the shrine room, circling to form a continuous panorama, are sculptured murals depicting the five major offensives in which American troops took part. Upon the east and west sections of the wall, below the murals, are niches in which to hang oil portraits of all the Allied commanders. Looking far up into the azure, stepped dome one can see many tiny star-

like lights. The major source of artificial illumination is a many sided electric lamp-star hanging from the center of the dome. As one's gaze drops, however, all sense of artificiality fades. Again only the silence bound cenotaph, bathed in misty blue, is visible. Surely no more fitting tribute could have been built by man, which would embody righteous power as this shrine room does.

The Indianapolis public library, the symbol of universal knowledge, stands overlooking the war memorial plaza from the north. Upon observing the library one is struck by the beautiful symmetry of its form. Much of this quality is derived from the modified Grecian style in which the library is built. Eight massive columns grace the front of the building. Between these columns and on the side of the library are tall, spacious windows. The interior of the library carries out the plan of the Grecian exterior by being beautifully plain. The painted murals on the ceiling of the main reading room are rightly the only exceptions to this general plan. To me it is unfortunate that the library is so busy; otherwise the Greek temple incense of quietness would permeate the atmosphere of the library to a greater extent than it does. Even as it is, however, the massive chandeliers, the bemuraled ceiling, the book-massed walls, and carved names of great writers lend to the Indianapolis public library a sense of reverence above the rush of busy book borrowers. This same sense of reverence that befits a temple of knowledge makes this library, unlike most such institutions, an ideal place to read, study, and meditate. The wide windows and the adequate artificial lighting lighten the reader's task to a great extent. The very spaciousness of the building, and the calm serenity of the architecture are conducive to the search for knowledge. In architecture, atmosphere, and content the Indianapolis public library is an altar of



universal learning.

So it is these three: beauty, power, and knowledge, that make Indianapolis more than just my birthplace to me.

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## *Mistake by Noah*

LOUISE RYMAN

It might have changed history—but it didn't.

Noah was happy. A home-loving body was Noah, content with his lot. He had his wife, and he had his pigs. He had his garden and a house full of in-laws.

Noah had a hobby. He liked to build arks. In his house were arks of all descriptions; big and small, round and square, red arks and blue arks.

Noah was a dreamer. One night he had a dream about a great storm and rising water. A plan for a magnificent ark took shape in Noah's mind. In the morning he told his wife and his in-laws about the dream. The in-laws laughed at Noah, and his wife made him stop drinking coffee.

But Noah started building. Each day there was sawing, pounding, and hammering in Noah's home. Noah's wife held her head and moaned. She cursed the day that she ever married Noah.

Then it began to rain. The in-laws looked worried; so did Noah's wife. Not so Noah. Confidently he led his wife, his pigs, and his in-laws down to the ark. The name of Noah would go down in history as the preserver of mankind.

But Noah's cause was lost. So was Noah, his wife, his pigs, and the house full of in-laws. Noah had built the ark in the basement.

## *Pittsburgh-Slightly Wet*

NORMAN BICKING

Pittsburgh's Great Flood of 1936 was the most perfectly staged catastrophe it has been my misfortune to witness. Only one being could have been capable of such a deed, and that being none other than Old Mother Nature herself. She planned it, and provided the characters. Two great rivers, the Allegheny and the Monongahela, join at Pittsburgh to form the still greater Ohio. A situation like that is always loaded with potential dynamite. Last March 17 this charge went off with terrible results. It had been raining rather heavily prior to that date, but no one was even slightly perturbed. This might have been reasonable, but those downpours had been not only local; they also were occurring simultaneously over the vast watersheds feeding two of our main actors. Then entered the final addition to the cast. Snow in the mountains melted abruptly with the sudden appearance of warm weather. Immediately the weather bureau issued flood warnings.

Now keep this in mind; flood stage at the Point in Pittsburgh is twenty-five feet. The warnings predicted a stage, or crest, of thirty-five feet. On Tuesday evening the rivers had begun their rise. The swiftness of the ascent caused veteran rivermen to glance at each other questioning-ly. There was a tenseness about; even the air felt laden with menace. Anxiously observers at the Point watched the gauge. The onrushing waters crept steadily, silently upward. Low places were submerged many feet before the thirty-five foot mark was reached. Thousands of tons of muddy waters were even now paralyzing the life of the Golden Triangle. Cars were engulfed. Hundreds of workers trapped in the upper stories of skyscrapers called for help. All that



night rescuers worked tirelessly to save people whose places of refuge were no longer habitable. Dawn broke upon a scene of desolation. Fully a third of the Triangle lay below those heaving flood waters. In homes radios were on constantly, but they announced nothing but "rising, still rising."

Then came the final awful news. At four o'clock all power would be shut off. The man announced, with impressive gravity, that at any moment the main light and power plants would be flooded. Last reports said the level had mounted to forty-five feet, and the rise was slowing. Then a blanket of silence and darkness closed down, and Pittsburgh was shut off from the outside world. Rumors flew wildly; a water shortage, a food famine, looters being shot on sight, Johnstown completely destroyed. The rumors were mostly unfounded, but who was there to deny them? Night came with an absolute dark, brightened only by the feeble, flickering gleams of candles. People stayed off the streets. It was a fear-filled dark that passed.

By Thursday morning the waters had reached their crest, and the recession began. The all time high was forty-seven feet. At the crest, many downtown streets were covered by almost twenty feet of brown debris-loaded water. At places the tops of streetcars barely pushed through. Damages were mounting into millions of dollars.

Rapidly and efficiently the work of reconstruction started. Soldiers guarded the downtown area, and only those so authorized could gain admittance. No sooner did the waters leave a street than the clean-up squads went into action. Red Cross stations were set up; the hunt for missing persons was under way. Slowly but surely the city dug itself out, and soon the wheels of industry began to move once more. Lights and power put heart into the most disheartened. In the short space of a week, "Business

As Usual" signs were being displayed, even in the worst ravaged sections. Normalcy held sway once more.

## Schilling

## Dill Pickles

DOROTHY SCHILLING

What completes a delectable vision of swiss cheese on rye? What relish is most popular on a wiener-roast? What is the complement for potato salad on a luncheon plate? What is a picnic without dill pickles? There is your answer—dill pickles. The majority of vigorous, healthy people have a tendency to reach for a pickle. One seldom stops to credit the warty little green vegetable with its due rights.

Now there are pickles and pickles. I am speaking at this time of the dill pickle; the one of the most tantalizing, sweet-sour taste. This species most often frequents the camp-fire table. It is not usually appreciated by the sophisticates as is the tender, miniature sweet pickle, or other frail hors d'oeuvres. Of course, in some cases it is allowed to grace the elaborately set tables, but only after it has been carved down to unrecognizable proportions.

A pickle of this kind should be grasped in its entirety, quite firmly, in one's hand, for the most effective method of mastication. It should appear in sandwich form in thick, juicy slices cut lengthwise. For decorative purposes it may be sliced obliquely in circles. Frequently dill pickles are quartered into long triangular boats. These latter are usually limp, and lose their appeal when we are forced to attack them with knife and fork.

So, take a moment to consider the pickle situation when next confronted with a swiss cheese sandwich, or a plate of pernickety hors d'oeuvres. Notice how it is sliced. Does it still retain its fresh, spicy juice? Is your mouth watering? Would you like a pickle right now?



## My Three Years in Europe

MILDRED BARNHILL

(Chapter II of an Autobiography.)

Life on an ocean liner is a lot of fun as one becomes initiated into the many devices for whiling away the idle hours. After being at sea for four or five days, seeing nothing but the broad expanse of water, it is very thrilling to sight another vessel. Warning that land will soon be seen is first given by the sea gulls, flying out sometimes great distances from the shore. The first land seen is the Scilly Islands, then the amazing chalk cliffs of southwestern England. As we made the first port, Plymouth, England, after nightfall, I am unable to give any description of this harbor. Very early the next morning, about 5 A. M. as I recall, we came into the harbor at Cherbourg, France. That picture has always remained with me. Numbers of small fishing vessels were at anchor there, and as viewed through the misty, silvery gray morning atmosphere, they presented a weird, unreal, ghostlike appearance. The vessel now proceeded on its way through the English Channel, the Strait of Dover, and the North Sea, docking at Cuxhaven. We took a train for Hamburg, staying for the night, then went on to Berlin, where I became a pupil of Martin Krause. He was a dear, jolly, happy sort of a little man, not at all the cross, gruff type I had been afraid of drawing for my lot.

What a collection of nationalities we had in the class at the conservatory! I remember there was a Swiss, three or four Russians, three Mexicans, a number of Americans and Germans. Each pupil had only twenty minutes in which to play his lesson and receive correction and criticism, but after that he was privileged to stay all day, if he so wished to do, in order to hear the instruction given to others on their lessons.

It was wise to stay an hour or two, as one could store away many ideas on compositions that he did not then have the time to learn.

I might add a word of description about Berlin itself. It is a city of apartment houses were all of a no detached houses. The very wealthy people, however, had villas, very pretentious places, in a suburb of Berlin called the Gruenewald. The apartment houses were all of a uniform height, none lower than four stories, none higher than five. It gave the skyline such a neat appearance that I grew to like it very much. Each apartment had its little balcony decorated with gay flower boxes, making the whole place look like a veritable land of flowers during the summer. Every few blocks there was a small park with lovely flower beds, trees, and a picturesque fountain. There was also the famous Tiergarten, an enormous natural park in the center of Berlin, containing something like five hundred acres. One could wander around in it for hours and forget that he was even near a city.

I remember one vacation trip when we visited several cities in southern Germany. First came Nuremburg with its ancient wall flanked with towers, and its old castle containing the torture chamber. In this torture chamber were hundreds of instruments used in torturing the prisoners of war in order to secure confessions from them. Next we went to Heidelberg, seat of the famous university. The ruins of the old castle, overgrown with ivy, and situated on a high hill behind the town, is one of its most interesting points. The scenery is also interesting. Here the Rhine River makes its junction with the Neckar; in the background are the high hills; at the foot of the hills, stretching away as far as the eye can see, lie the broad valleys of these two rivers.

An all-day trip by boat on the Rhine was next taken from Mainz



to Cologne. Here, indeed, was picturesque scenery. The low foothills were covered with beautiful vineyards; the high cliffs were adorned by the ruins of the castles of the robber barons. This is a region rich in legend, there being a legend for each castle. We stopped at Bonn to visit Beethoven's birthplace, and also at Cologne to view the magnificent cathedral, a piece of delicate lace-work in stone.

One summer was spent in the Austrian Tyrol in a peasant village, Haldensee bei Tannheim. Professor Krause always spent his summers there and once in a while took a few pupils with him who desired to study through the summer months. We had to take rooms with the cleanest of the peasants, but took our own cook along. Our provisions came through by stage coach from Innsbruck, thus affording us appetizing food. It would have been impossible to eat the peasant fare.

An amusing experience of the summer occurred when one of the American girls washed her hair and stepped outside to dry it in the sun. All the women of the village gathered around in amazement, seeking information as to why she had done it, for they had never heard of any one's doing such a thing!

Another interesting experience of the summer happened when Professor Krause told us we must walk over to the neighboring village of Tannheim to view the dedication of a monument. The monument was to be unveiled by Prinz —, (I do not recall his name,) a nephew of Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria. In the way of being a celebrity, Professor Krause was next to the visiting royalty. After they had become acquainted, we were introduced to the Prince. He was a dashing, handsome young fellow, quite the story book type. I often think of the three strata of society represented that day. The Prince was as far above us socially

as we were above the peasants.

Student days were over at last. What a change it was to return to America! I was back from fairy land to the land of reality with its roise, hurry, and confusion.

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## The Hill Church

MARION SWANN

Approaching the main traveled road, we turned a corner and saw, over the hill, the white shiningness of the country church. It nestled cosily in a slight hollow, gleaming brightly against the somber background of a cemetery so old that the whiteness and blackness of polished stones had merged into a general greyness, highlighted by two or three new white stones. We rapidly drew near, watching the picture enlarge. Soon the white bell tower stood out from the square of the building. The tall, pointed glass windows gave promise of beauty as they reflected long rays of setting sun. Stepping out of the car amid dark green of evergreens, we passed through the amazing whiteness of the doorway into the shining golden glow of a small painted vestibule, and then into a small auditorium. Gleaming furniture converged toward a platform. The beautiful seriousness of Hofman's "Head of Christ" held our eyes across the carved wood of pulpit and communion table. The rose, gold, and purple of the formal design of stained glass windows cast a glorious glow over worshipper's spirits and physical properties. Small but perfect, the quiet calmness, mel-low goldness, and warm friendliness of this temple attract. Here is found rest.